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FRIAR BAKON'S PROPHEESIE :

A Satire

ON THE

DEGENERACY OF THE TIMES,

A.D. 1604.

EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq.

F.R.S., F.S.A., HON. M.B.I.A., HON. M.B.S.L., ETC.

" Now like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I have spoken,
Time is, Time was, Time's past !"—*Byron*.

LONDON :

REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY

BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

DECEMBER 1844.

No. LII.

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PREFACE.

THE following tract, which has at least the unusual merit of being entirely free from the coarseness whith pervades nearly every popular work published during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, is reprinted from a copy formerly belonging to Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is of excessive rarity, having escaped the notice of Lowndes and other bibliographers, nor have I succeeded in tracing the existence of any other exemplar; an additional inducement for reprinting a piece that contains several curious notices of our old manners and customs.

The author, who probably writes under an assumed name, has in some measure founded his satire on the tale of Friar Bacon's brazen head, or rather has taken his text from the words said to have been spoken by that ingenious piece of mechanism, lost, alas! to the world for ever through the stupidity of an attendant. How

Roger Bacon toiled in the manufacture of this head, which was to teach him a method of surrounding England with an impenetrable wall of brass—how drowsiness seized him before he had fulfilled the required conditions of success—how his man would not awake him at words he considered so trifling in import,—and how the image, exclaiming that the Friar's opportunity had already escaped, by the ominous declaration *TIME IS PAST*, fell to the ground with a tremendous and awful crash,—are circumstances that have been too often related to require any lengthened repetition from us. Nor has the story, in fact, any necessary connexion with the poem which follows; but it may have been attached to it at the time it was written, in the hope of investing the publication with more interest for the purchaser, our ancestors having wisely considered a title-page by no means an unimportant part of a book.

J. O. H.

London,

30th October, 1844.

A
PIECE OF FRIAR BACONS

Brazen-heads Pro-
phesie.

BY WILLIAM TERILO.

LONDON

Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, dwelling in Powles
Church-yard, at the Signe of the
White Horse.

1604.

TO THE READER.

GENTLE Reader is such a stale title to put upon you, that not knowing your disposition to this same universal gentleness, and perhaps at this time, so full of melancholy, as makes you unfit for any such kindness: I had rather say, you that read, if you have so much idle time to pass away, as may be somewhat better then lost, in perusing this change, or rather dream of the change of times, I pray you for this time to have patience, and if an other time in this you take pleasure, I will as I can take a time to run a better course to your contentment. Friar Bacons Brazen-head, was said, (in jest), to have spoken of three times;—*The Time was, the Time is, and Time shall be*: now for myselfe, I cannot goe so farre: what was, at least of late, I have a little read, heard, and understood: of the time present I only dreamed; but of what is to come, I can say nothing; and, therefore,

making no chronicle of the first, and onely shewing
my dreame of the second, I will make no prophesie
of the third, but leave all to God's pleasure; and so,
leaving you to judge of all times as you have reason,
I take my leave of you at this time; but rest at all
times,

Your friend, as I find cause and time,

WILLIAM TERILO.

A PIECE OF FRIAR BACONS BRAZEN-
HEADS PROPHEsie.

TIME WAS, TIME IS.

WHEN I was but a boye,
And plaide with little girles,
And more esteem'd a toye
Then pretious stones, or pearles,
Then Natures love, that knew no pride,
With litle would be satisfide.

Then friends would not fall out,
But soone fall in againe:
When none would goe about
To laie a wicked traine;
But kindnesse was in such request,
That malice knew not where to rest.

Content was then a king,
Although he ware no crowne ;
And 'twas a wondrous thing
Would make a mayden frowne;
When twas no little grace to nature
For to be call'd a gentle creature.

The milke-maydes paile was sweete,
The shepheards cloake was cleane :
And when their loves did meete,
They did no falshood meane.
While Truth did in their passions try,
There could not passe a thought awry.

Then observation found
The passage of those partes,
Where Reason laide the ground
Of all experience artes.
While love was rulde by grace,
To seeke his spirits resting place.

Then praise grew of desert,
Desert of true conceit :
Whose tongue was in the hart,
That could not hide deceit;
But he or she was held a fiend,
That would be false unto a friend.

Then shepheards knew the times
And seasons of the yeare,

And made their honest rimes,
In mirth and merry cheare;
And Sim and Su would kindly kisse,
When nothing could be ment amisse.

Then sheepes eyes were not watcht,
That lambes did waking keepe;
And when the hen had hatcht,
The chickens might goe peepe:
When snares were set, both day and night,
To hang the buzzard and the kite.

The henne, the goose, the ducke,
Might cackle, creak, and quacke:
When not an owle would plucke
A feather from her backe;
Except she crowed, or would not laie,
Then roast her on a holy day.

The butchers then would keepe
Their flesh from blowing flies,
And maidens would not sleepe,
But in the morning rise,
And hunt a flea so in the bed,
He knew not where to hide his head.

Then neither wolfe nor foxe,
But that did feare the hound;
Nor greatest headed oxe,
But to the yoake was bound:

Nor drawing tit but knew who there,
Nor asse, but did his burthen beare.

Then oates were knowne from rie,
And barley from the wheate;
A cheese-cake and a pie
Were held good country meate.
When ale, and spice, and curdes, and creame,
Would make a scholler make a theame.

And then when wooers met,
It was a sport to see
How soone the match was set,
How well they did agree:
When that the father gave the childe,
And then the mother sat and smilde.

Delaies were then like death
To any kinde desire;
When no man spent his breath,
To be no whit the nigher:
But Truth and Trust so deerly loved,
That what th' one did, th' other proved.

Then cocke a doodle doo
The houres divided right,
And olde to whit to whoo
Did watch the winter night;
And in the springs, the nightingale
Did tell the woods a merry tale.

Then beetels could not live
Upon the hony bees,
But they the drones would drive
Unto the doted trees;
When he that wrought not till he sweate,
Was held unworthy of his meate.

Then were no pitfalls made
But in the frost and snowe,
Nor wood-cocks in the glade
Could by the springes goe;
And not a bird that bare a winge,
But that would stoope unto his winge.

Then russet cloth and frize
Did walke the world about,
And no man would despise
The inside for the out:
But he that paid for what he spent,
Was welcome where so ere he went.

Then were there no devises
To draw on fond desires,
But chapmen knew the prices,
The sellers and the buyers:
And simple truthe no cunning usde,
How simple trust might be abusde.

The markets then were serv'd
With good sufficient ware,

And cattell were not starv'de,
When Mowcher and his mare
Would bring in such a sacke of rie,
As tried the miller's honestie.

Then John, and Joane, and Madge,
Were call'd the merry crew,
That with no drinke coulde fadge,
But where the fat they knew:
And though they knew who brew'd the ale,
Yet must it stand till it were stale.

Then was good fellowship
Almost in every house;
She would not hang the lip,
He would not knit the browes;
But he would smirke, and she would smile,
That all the house would laugh the while.

Then handkerchers were wrought
With names and true loves knots,
And not a wench was taught
A false stitch in her spots:
When roses in the gardaines grew,
And not in ribons on a shoe.

Then painting only serv'de
For paper, wood, and cloth:
When health was most preserv'de
By labour, not by sloth.

When fewe that did of phisike heare,
But they were stricken with a feare.

Then he that heard of warre,
Was in a wofull case;
Except it were so farre,
He could not feare the place:
When peace and plentie were so sweete,
As trode all fortunes under feete.

The taber and the pipe,
The bagpipe and the crowde;
When oates and rye were ripe,
Began to be alowde.
But till the harvest all was in,
The moris-daunce did not begin.

A citie from a towne
Then by his wall was seene;
And none did weare a crowne,
But either king or queene:
And ever upon Easter-day,
All Jack a Lents were cast away.

Then cloakes were for the raine,
And feathers but for beddes:
Sheepes russet would not staine,
There were no greenes nor reddes:
Carnation, crimson, yealow, blew,
Plaine people no such colours knew.

The horse, the cowe, the hogge,
Were kept for worke and wealth:
The pus-cat and the dogge,
For safegard from the stealth
Of rats, and mise, and wolfe, and foxe;
When fewe had keyes unto their lockes.

Then owles nor night ravens were
No tellers of ill happes;
When faith had never feare
Of any thunder-clappes;
But looke, what weather ever came,
Was welcome in God's holy name.

Then monkees, baboones, apes,
And such il-favour'd creatures,
Of such straunge fashion'd shapes,
Were hatefull to our natures:
When who heard tell but of a beare,
But he could scarcely sleepe for feare.

No parat, pie, nor dawe,
Was idely taught to prate;
Nor scarce a man of lawe
Was knowne in all the state;
While neighbors so like friends agreede,
That one supplide anothers neede.

The shepheard kept his sheepe,
The goat-heard kept his heard,

And in the sunne would sleepe,
When were no vermin fear'd;
For every curre would barke or bite,
To put the wicked foxe to flight.

And then a good grey frocke,
A kercheffe, and a raile,
A faire white flaxen smocke,
A hose with a good waile,
A good strong leatherd winter shoe,
Was well, I wis, and better too.

Then, *I wis, well, goe too,*
Were words of no small worth;
When folkes knew what to doo
To bring their meanings forth;
And winke, and nod, and hem, and humme,
Could bring my finger to my thumbe.

No cutting of a carde,
Nor cogging of a dye,
But it was wholly barde
All honest company;
And faire square plaie with yea and naie,
Who lost the game would quickly paie.

No matches then were set
For yonger brothers landes,
Nor usurers could get
Mens goods into their handes:

But such as had their wittes awake,
Could smell a knave before he spake.

And hardly in a yeere

A man should meete a thiefe;
When corne was nere so deere,

But poore folkes had reliefe:
And wickednes was loath'd so much,
That no man lov'd the tickle tuch.

Then love went not by lookes,

Wherein laie venim hid:
Nor words were angle-hookes,
When men knew what they did.
But honest hearts, and modest eies,
Did make the lovers paradise.

But now that world is changde,

And time doth alter creatures,
Whose spirits are estrang'de
From their owne proper natures:
While wofull eyes may weepe to see
How all things are, and what they bee.

Now every idle boye,

That sells his land for pearles,
Esteemes his wealth a toye
To give to idle girles:
While gracelesse love, in natures pride,
With sinne is never satisfide.

Now friends do oft fall out,
But seelde fall in againe;
While many goe aboute
To laie a wicked traine:
Where malice is so in request,
That kindnes knowes not where to rest.

Content is now unknowne
In either king or clowne:
A sight too common showne,
To see a mayden frowne:
When she is held a foolish creature,
That shewes to be of gentle nature.

The milke-maydes paille is sowre,
The shepheards cloake uncleane;
Where love hath not the power
To finde what fancies meane:
While faith doth so much falshood prove,
That many lye, which say they love.

Now observation findes
By all experience artes,
How Machavilian mindes
Do plaie the divels partes;
While love, (alas!) hath little grace
In worshipping a wicked face.

Now praise must follow pride,
And Flattery wayt on wealth;

And tongues to silence tide,
Except it be by stealth.
While he or she that cannot faine,
Must die a friend-ships foole in graine.

The seasons of the yeere
The shepheards do not know;
While mirth and merry cheere
To grieve and sorrow grow;
While if a couple kindly kisse,
The third thinkes somewhat is amisse.

Now sheepes-eies are so watcht,
That lambes can hardly sleepe;
For when the henne hath hatcht,
Ere well the chicken peepe,
The buzzard and the kite so pray,
That halfe the brood is stolne away.

No butcher now can keepe
His flesh from blowing flies;
And maydes will lie and sleepe,
That doe not love to rise:
While every bedde so swarmes with fleas,
I wonder how they lie at ease.

Now neither wolfe nor foxe,
But can beguile the hound;
Nor gallant headed oxe
Will to a yoke be bound;

Nor drawing tit, but skorn'd who there,
Nor asse that will his burthen beare.

Wheate, barly, oates, and rie,
So like are in the blade,
That many a simple eye
May soone a foole be made:
While curdes, and creame, and ale and spice,
Will bring out but a poore device.

Now cockes dare scarcely crow,
For feare the foxe doe heare;
Nor shriche-owle, but will show
That winter time is neare:
And Philomeus, amid the spring,
So feares the worme, shee cannot sing.

And now when lovers meete,
It is a griefe to see
How heavily they greete,
And how they disagree:
While that the father's eies are blinde,
And that the mother is unkinde.

Delaies to neere disdaine,
Doe feede upon desire;
And breath is spent in vaine,
Where hopes are nere the nigher:
While Truth and Trust have too much proved,
They hardly find wher to be loved.

Now humble bees can live
 Upon the hony bees,
That not a drone dare drive,
 Unto the doted trees:
While he that workes not for his meate,
Will live upon another's sweate.

Now pitfalls are so made,
 That small birdes cannot know them;
No woodcockes in a glade,
 But netts can overthrow them;
And not a paltry carrion kite,
But braves a faulcon in his flight.

Now velvet, cloth of gold,
 And silkes of highest price,
Doth make the good free-holde
 Chaung title with a trice:
While he that spends and will not pay,
Is welcome, when he is away.

Now wordes of strange devises
 Doe cheate upon desires,
While cunning sellers prices
 Doe cosen simple buiers:
While truth is all so sildome used,
That honest trust is much abused.

The markets now are sarv'de
 With much unsavery ware,

And cattell often starv'de,
When that the miller's mare
Can scarcely bring a sacke of rie,
That one may be a saver by.

Now John, and Joane, and Madge,
Can make no merry crue,
The baily, with his badge,
So braves it in his blue!
None dare discharge a carier,
For feare of maister officier.

And now from every house
Good fellowship is gone,
And scarce a silly mouse
Findes crummes to feede upon;
While lowre, and poute, and chafe, and champe,
Brings all the household in a dampe.

Now clockes are for the sunne,
And feathers for the winde,
Sheepes russet to home spunne,
While a fantasticke minde
Must have a colour strange and rare,
To make a mad man stand and stare.

The horse, the cowe, the hogge,
Are chiefly kept for breed;
The pus-cat, and the dogge,
To keepe the plough-man's feede;

While not a locke but hath a kay,
For feare the cupboord runne away.

Now owles and night-ravens are
 Ill fortune's prophecies;
When faithlesse spirits stare,
 If any storme arise:
And if the weather be not faire,
Why fooles are almost in dispaire.

Now monckies, baboones, apes,
 Are taught to pranke and prance,
While many a wizard gape
 To see a monster dance;
And not a woman that will feare
To see the baiting of a beare.

Now parats, pies, and dawes,
 Are finely taught to prate,
And worldes of men of lawe
 Are needful in the state:
Where neighbours live so unlike friends,
That men would judge them to be fiends

And now a satten gowne,
 A petticoate of silke,
A fine wrought bugle crowne,
 A smocke as white as milke;
A colour'd hose, a pincked shooe,
Will scarcely make a tit come too.

Now as God judge my soule,
 Besides my faith and troth,
On every wassell bowle,
 Is thought a simple oth:
While stampe, and stare, and clapping handes,
Will scarce make up a begger's bandes.

Now sempsters few are taught
 The true stitch in their spots,
And names are sildome wrought
 Within the true loves knots;
And ribon-roses take such place,
That garden roses want their grace.

Now painting serves for faces,
 To make the fowle seeme faire,
And health in many places
 Must not abide the aire:
And few that have bene bit with fleas,
But runne to phisicke for their ease.

Now warre makes many rich,
 That else had bene but poore;
And makes a souldiour itch,
 Till he have scratcht a boore;
For peace and plenty breed such pride,
As poore men's fortunes cannot bide.

The taber and the pipe
 Are now out of request;

And ere the rie be ripe,
The bird will leave the nest:
And moris dances doe begin
Before the harvest halfe be in.

Now many a townes mud wall
Doth put a citty downe,
And Mistresse Finicall
Doth weare a bugle crowne;
And many a rascall mal-content
Will make his Easter day in Lent.

Now cogge and foist that list,
Who will that wit gainesay?
That learnes fooles had-I-wist,
That will and cannot play:
While faire, and square, and pitch, and pay,
The gamster calls fooles holy-day.

Now worldes of matches set
For elder brothers landes,
And usury doth get
Great wealth into her hands;
While he that will not watch a knave,
May bring a begger to his grave.

Now hardly in a day,
But one shall meete a thiefe;
Where wealth is hid away,
And poore have no reliefe;

And wickednes is usde so much,
As who but loves the tickle tuch.

Now love goes so by lookes,
Men know not what they doo;
And wordes are poisoned hookes,
That catch, and kill men too;
While wicked hartes and wanton eies
Make hell, instead of paradise.

Now surely thus it is,
It is a wonderfull change;
Where all goes so amisse,
Or else my dreame is strange,
That shew'de me such a world of wo;
But God forbid it should be so.

For dreames are idle things,
And surely so is this;
For true apparance brings
No prooffe of such amisse:
But every thing in such good course,
As God forbid it should be worse.

For lovers must be kinde,
And neighbours must be friends;
And when the folkes have dinde,
Set up the puddings ends:
For tis an ancient rule in truth,
That thriftines is good in youth.

Olde men must have their saying;
And rich men must have place;
Sutors must bide delaying,
And children must say grace;
And thieues must hang and knaves must shift,
And silly fooles must have the lift.

And lawe must speake, wit judge,
Men live untill th[e]y die:
And Snot must be a snudge,
And love have leave to lie;
And wretches worke and wantons play,
And who can holde that will away?

And waggess must singe and dance,
And gamsters plot for gaine:
Who likes not of his chance,
Take by to helpe the maine:
For he that walkes without a head,
May quickly bring a foole to bed.

Women must have their wills,
Though men would say them nay:
Some are such needfull ills,
They cannot be away:
And he that gives the humme a hemme,
Will sometimes fall aboard with them.

The horse must have his hay,
The dogge must have a bone;

The ducke must have a bay,
The hawke must have a stone,
And Jhon must not be kept from Joane,
For love can never live alone.

And therefore thus in briefe,
Let peace endure no strife;
Let no man offer grieve
Unto his neighbour's wife:
Let faire play passe through every hand,
And let him fall that cannot stand.

Let God be serv'd, obai'd,
The king both serv'd and lov'd;
Church honoured, duties paide,
Mallice from mindes remov'd:
And it may hap to come to passe,
To be as well as ere it was.

And blessed were the daies,
If so the world did goe,
That wit a thousand waies,
Might reasons comfort knowe:
Whil birds might sing, and men might speak,
And malice might no musicke breake.

That eyes might looke their fill,
Words might be uncontrold;
And art might have the skill
To find the stone for gold:

And jealous eyes might all be blinde,
That overlooke a honest minde.

That wealth should have her grace
In liberalitie,
And honour give a place
To every qualitie:
While panders, jesters, fooles, and knaves,
Might walke about like silly slaves.

A word might be a band,
Where needles were an oth;
While yea and nay might stand
Instead of faith and troth;
And tuch and take, and pitch, and pay,
Might drive all cunning tricks away.

A winke, a nod, a smile,
Might shew the judgement just;
Where truth could not beguile,
Her honest meaning trust:
But one in two, and two in one,
Might make the merry world alone.

That quarrels might not grow
Of swaggering, nor quaffing,
But who begins heigh ho!
Might set the house a laughing;
When not a thought of villany
Might come in honest company.

And gossips might be merry,
And tattle when they meete,
And cheekes as red as cherry
Might shew the wine is sweete;
When lovers are in talke so sad,
As if they were alreadie had.

Power should be fearde for grace,
And lawe obey'd for love;
And vertue take her place,
In highest hopes behove;
And wisdom only honour God,
And so should sinne be overtrod.

Nought should be scorn'de but folly,
Nor in regard but reason,
And nothing lov'de but holy,
And nought in hate but treason;
And nought but slaunder banged,
And nought but murther hanged.

And then the world were well,
But when will it be so?
(Alas!) I cannot tell,
And therefore let it goe;
And as God will, so let it bee,
It shall be as it list for mee.

Let every man mend one,
And I will not be out;

And John be good to Joane,
Or else he is a lout,
And Peter weave what Parnell spunne;
Good night, John Line, and I have donne.

FINIS.

NOTES.

P. 7, l. 1.—*And made their honest rimes.* Some of these may be seen in the collection of metrical proverbs, formed by Thomas Heywood about the middle of the sixteenth century. The “Sheepeheards Kalender,” a rare black-letter book, may also be considered an illustration of this passage. This latter work is a strange compound of different subjects, illustrated with hideous wood-cuts; but the following specimen, selected from the first part, may not be unacceptable.

November.

I, November, will not abyde behynde,
To shewe my kindly worthynesse and ure;
For in my time, the blastes of the wynde
Abateth leaves, and shedeth their verdure;
Wherefore every prudent creature
Ought for to lyve right as they would dye,
For all thinge taketh ende naturally.

December.

December every man doth me call,
In whose time the mother inviolate
Delivered was in an olde oxe-stall
Of Jesu Christ, Gods owne sonne incarnate,
Wherefore I thinke me the most fortunate
Of all the other, to whome praye we then,
That we may come unto his blisse. Amen.

The beginnings and ends of the four seasons of the year.

The firste prime time that thus doth begin,
 From myd February unto myd May,
 And from myd May sommer is entred in,
 To myd August, and then is harvest day;
 And from that tyme Wynter entreth alway
 On saynt Clementes day, who so taketh heede,
 And myd February it fayleth in deede.

Thus endeth the prayse of the twelve monthes, with the beginniges and endes of the four quarters. And after foloweth the fygure for to knowe in what sygne the moone is every day.

P. 9, l. 4.—*Doted*. That is, rotten or decayed at the top. The term is still in use in the Eastern counties.

P. 10, l. 7.—*Fadge*. To fit, to suit. The word is not uncommon in our early writers.

Would I sweat too! I'm monstrous vex'd, and cold too;
 And these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in.
 Clothes I must get; this fashion will not *fadge* with me;
 Besides, 'tis an ill winter wear.

Wit without Money, iii. 4.

P. 11, l. 10.—*Crowde*. That is, a fiddle.

P. 11, l. 14.—*The moris-daunce did not begin*. A curious notice of this once popular amusement, which serves to show the season to which it was formerly restricted. Compare p. 22. For information respecting it, we can hardly do better than refer the reader to Douce's well-known essay on the subject.

P. 11, l. 20.—*Jack a Lents*. Puppets at which boys threw cudgels in the Lent season. They are alluded to by Shakespeare, and contemporary writers.

Which, since you are so stubborn, if I forfeit,
 Make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my shins
 For untagg'd points and counters!

The Woman's Prize, iv. 4.

P. 12, l. 7.—*Owles nor night ravens.* The harbingers of death and misfortune.

Bring forth that fatall scrich owle to our house,
That nothing sung to us but bloud and death.

The True Tragedie, 1595.

P. 13, l. 11.—*I wis.* In early writers, *i-wis* is of course an adverb; but there can be little doubt that it was afterwards regarded as a pronoun and a verb, as in the present instance. The phrase *goe too* is employed by Mrs. Quickly, in the “*Merry Wives of Windsor*.”

P. 14, l. 15.—*But now, &c.* A great deal of what follows is merely repetition of the previous portion.

P. 14, l. 23.—*Esteemes.* *Fsteemes* in the original.

P. 15, l. 2.—*Seelde.* That is, seldom.

P. 16, l. 23.—*Now.* *How* in the original.

P. 20, l. 14.—*To see the baiting of a beare.* Compare the scene between Mistress Anne Page, and Master Slender, in the “*Merry Wives of Windsor*,” and a curious description of bear-baiting by Hentzner, as practised in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

THE END.





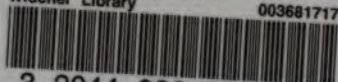


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